

Skye Boat Song

Sir Harold Boulton

traditional Scottish air

G Em Am D G C $\text{♩} \text{♩}$

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "On-ward!" the sail-ors cry;

9 G Em Am D G C G Fine

Car-ry the lad that's born to be king o-ver the sea to Skye.

17 Em Am Em

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thun-der-clouds
 2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, o-cean's a
 3. Ma-ny's the lad fought on that day, well the clay-
 4. Burned are their homes, ex-ile and death scat-ter the

22 C Em Em Am

rend the air: Baf-fled, our foes stand by the
 roy-al bed. Rocked in the deep, Flo-ra will
 more could wield, When the night came, si-lent-ly
 loy-al men; Yet ere the sword cool in the

28 Em C Em D

shore, fol-low they will not dare.
 keep watch by your wear-y head.
 lay dead on Cul-lo-den's fiels.
 sheath Char-lie will come a-gain.